

FORELOCK OF TIME.

RUSE OF A WILY TAILOR.
Farmer Knew Beans and Had a
Gravestone Handy.

The farmer who overtook me on the way and offered me a lift in his car had a gravestone lying on the ground in the bottom, and after a little time around to express my sorrow that I had invaded his family circle. "Oh! I hev'n't had no deaths in the family," he cheerfully replied. Then the stone is for a neighbor, tops?"

No, not that. It's for my family though—but none of 'em needs it yet. Can't you see the readin'?"

And looking more closely I saw that it said: "Sacred to the memory of _____, who died on the 13th of August, 1897."

That's rather curious," I said, as led to the smiling and complacent farmer.

"Well, mebbe," he added. "As I seen the stone ain't needed yet, but skin' time by the forelock."

It reads the 13th of August." "Now it does, and that's all right. The 13th of August Jim Swipes is over to my place from Delhi to foot race with my son Dan. Has got a great gait on him, he and Jim Swipes, he thinks he kin run five yards in 100. We've got dollars on it."

What about the gravestone?" Don't git impatient. If Dan

Jim then Jim will jump up and around. If Jim beats Dan won't be no fair show. Dan'll yell and nobody kin hold

There will be a row, eh?"

Sartin to be. Jim will hev his

there, and I've got five boys a purty good crowd besides. If

I pears to be lickin' Jim then friends will raise a yell and him. If Jim pears to be drivin'

Dan'll then our side will throw in their hats and go in for glory."

And, you don't know who the

stone is for?"

No, sah. If one o' Jim's crowd is it I'll sell it fur what it cost me; if my crowd needs it I'll throw it as a gift. It jest struck me that

be prepared for a climax either."

Stranger, will you be around about the 13th of August?" I replied.

If you happen to be you come to me.

I shall sorter count on you to be my side in case of a row, but d'rather set on the fence and be nral nobody won't blame ye. Yes,

at jest struck me to take time by

clock and bury that gravestone,

if the foot race don't come off,

nobody is killed, I'll lay it aside

a camp meetin' or a hussin' bee."

Washington Times.

ARMY OFFICERS.

Active Conditions Regarding Marriage in Europe.

the restrictive conditions at present in force with regard to the marriage of officers in the Russian army and this privilege under any circumstances in the case of officers under the age of 23; between the ages of 24 and 28 years the dot of an officer's must amount to a sum representing the minimum income of \$250 per month.

On comparison of the conditions with those regular in the same question in other European armies, it may be noted that in the Austro-Hungarian army the number of officers authorized to contract marriages is limited by a fixed proportion assigned to each grade, and these as being reached, all further marriages must be deferred pending the occurrence of vacancies in the married establishments.

The Italian regulations, which fix the income of the fiancee at a minimum of \$1,200 to \$2,000 lire, would appear to be more rational in their application; Italian officers, however, appear somewhat liberal interpretation of this law, with the result that the number of marriages occurring during the actual provisions do not exceed more than an eighth of the total number, seven-eighths of the officers being united under the conditions of religious ceremony only and thus exposing themselves to all the inconveniences which attend a marriage unrecognized by civil law.

Similarities would now appear to be shared by Russian officers, and suggestions have been made by the press in Russia that a general revision of the law is becoming necessary.

The situation is assuming some importance, in the fact that Russian officers, being a total number of nearly 40,000, represent one of the most important classes in the state.—London Times.

TYPEWRITER GIRL.

Taken in by a New Sort of Confidence Game.

"Have you heard about the latest swindle perpetrated on us poor, persecuted typewriter girls?" said a pretty little black-eyed woman, who presides over a public desk in the corridor of one of the large office buildings on Fourth street.

A negative answer brought forth her lament about how she had been taken in by a wily male whom she has not even seen.

A few days ago a messenger boy from one of the regular offices came to her place of business with a large bulging envelope. "A gentleman at the Southern hotel gave me that," said he, "and he wants an answer."

The girl opened the envelope, which contained what she supposed to be a valuable manuscript of a scientific nature. "For the Scientific American," the superscription read in the corner at the top of the first page. The manuscript was accompanied by a letter addressed to the young woman, saying that the writer wanted the manuscript typewritten, and if she felt herself equal to doing the work nicely and neatly to consider herself commissioned to do it.

"But I require a deposit of five dollars to be remitted by the messenger carrying the manuscript, as evidence of good faith on your part that you will take good care of a document that is very valuable to me."

The letter was written on the stationery of the Southern hotel. With the name of the writer the girl was not familiar. As the work would amount to at least eight dollars, the girl sent the required deposit by the messenger, addressing a note to the gentleman in which she informed him that he might call for his manuscript the next day at noon.

The facts he narrated were true. He really was on the point of entering into partnership with a wealthy merchant, and a few days after he had dispatched the fateful letter he went before the court in order to have the partnership registered. The partner also appeared, and, likewise, quite unexpectedly, the partner's talkative tailor. "Ah, you here!" exclaimed the sartorial artist to his customer, "may I ask what kind of business brings you into this place?" "X—, and myself have drawn up a deed of partnership and we are here to have it registered. That's all." "X—, did you say? But are you aware of the state of X—'s affairs? Do you know that he is in debt to the tune of 2,000 marks? If I were you I—" "But you are quite sure of what you say? My information is that he—" "Sure! Absolutely, I have the most convincing proofs!" The interesting conversation was continued on these lines for some time longer and when it was concluded the wealthy merchant refused point blank to enter into partnership with the unsuspecting X—.

X— naturally asked the reason why, but for a time his curiosity was left unsatisfied. He insisted, however, so energetically and perseveringly that at last his would-be partner informed him that he knew exactly his commercial position, and among other things, had heard of his debts, which amounted to 2,000 marks. Thunderstruck, X— could say nothing for a time. At last he inquired, with a youthful blush mantling his cheeks: "You doubtless heard all that from Miss X—, from—a lady, in fine?" "Oh, dear, no! It was told me by my tailor!"

This Teutonic knight of the scissors had, it appears, suffered from bad debts, and in order to keep clear of them in future had inserted the advertisement in question. Most of the youths of the city had forwarded frank replies, describing the state of their affairs, and, above all, the amount of their indebtedness. This precious information would enable him to cut those young gentlemen's coats exactly according to their cloth. But instead of keeping it quietly to himself he rashly disclosed part of it to one of his customers that morning, and now he is being sued by X—for damages equal to the loss inflicted by the merchant's withdrawal from the projected partnership. Perhaps the loss is irreparable. Anyhow, the law suit is certain to prove entertaining.—London Telegraph.

AN INTELLIGENT HORSE.

Played the Part of Flagman to a Large Caravan.

"On Sunday," says the Parsons (Kan.) Eclipse, "a mover in a prairie schooner passed through this city, going west. He had a small drove of mules and several horses, all loose, following the wagon, and among them was a beautiful sorrel horse, with bridle and saddle on, but no rider. People on the streets noticed that the sorrel seemed to be overseeing the herd, and would round them up occasionally. As the caravan reached Central avenue, the sorrel ran ahead and stood in the middle of the street, looking up and down, as if watching for danger. After satisfying himself that the way was clear he rounded up the herd and the caravan started again. Having reached the 'Katy' crossing, the animal again went ahead and, standing in the center of the tracks, looked intently each way. When the herd had partially crossed the track he suddenly pricked up his ears and, hurrying to the rear, he rushed the herd across on the run. A train was coming from the south and passed shortly after he had got safely over. He hurried to the next track, which branches off several rods from the main line, and seeing a train coming from the opposite direction, rounded up his herd and waited until it passed. It was a most remarkable performance, witnessed by a large number of people on the streets. The horse was evidently a high-bred animal, built like a racer, with small ears and very intelligent head. During all this time the mover did not get out of his wagon, but left the management of the whole matter to the horse."

At least.

"Well, I was goin' to take two minutes talkin' to yer. But I'll shut it off wid 30 seconds. You kin give me de dollar an' a half change an' we'll call it square."—Washington Star.

A Financier.

"I want you to understand that my time is valuable. Time is money with me."

"Bout a dollar a minute?" inquired the mendicant.

"At least."

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Suggestion to Kissers.

A hundred parts of sharp vinegar, parts sulphuric ether, and ten parts aqua ammonia, kill microbes, not people. Apply it to the lips, a wash-rag.—Chicago Inter-

—We cannot understand why so many people tell us stories about folks care nothing whatever about Washington Democrat.

—They love too much who die for love.

A Prehistoric House.

A prehistoric stone house has been

discovered on the Lewis farm, near Williamsburg, Ind., and was found while workmen were excavating

gravel. The house is small and well preserved. There are evidences of fire having been used, and a piece of material was found that resembled melted glass. There was also some lime and some sun-dried bricks.

—In stipends, salaries and wages to its numerous officers, clerks and staff the corporation of London spends yearly upwards of £100,000.

A House Cleaner has tricks in his trade that it would take an outsider a long time to find out.—Washington Democrat.

A Housekeeper.

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to stay at home at all times usually have no homes worth mentioning.—Washington Democrat.

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